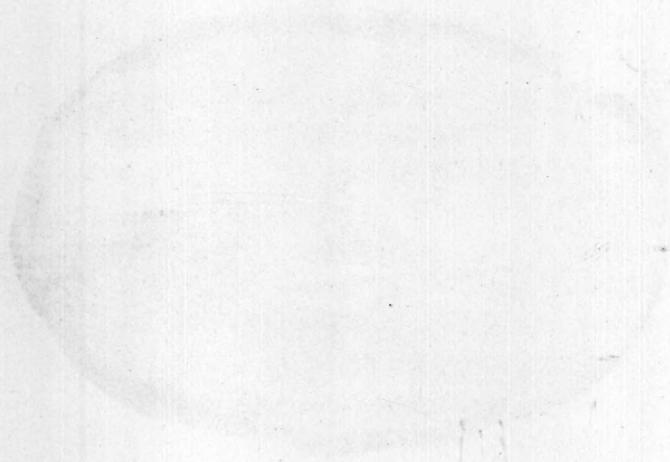





August 1862
H. C. C.



Number II,

9690


Ireland. Orange
H Lodges

LOYAL SONGS.

S O N G XXVII.

THE ORANGE CREATION.

By J. B. Esq. of Lodge No. 471.

TUNE—*The Entered Apprentice.*

LET Orange-men brave,
Their country to save,
Assemble whene'er there's occasion ;
No strife to provoke,
No image invoke,
We're taught by the Orange Creation.
No strife to provoke, &c.

See hist'ry relate,
How William the Great,
From slav'ry had rescu'd this nation ;
Our ancestors join,
At breach of the Boyne,
And fight for the Orange Creation.
Our ancestors join, &c.

Forbid then good Heav'n,
That blessings thus giv'n,
By their sons should be brought a disgrace on ;

Shall we be less bold,
 Than dads were of old,
 In support of the Orange Creation?
 Shall we be less bold, &c.

Affassins whose league
 Is murder and plague,
 Say that we're pledg'd to extermination;
 But vipers of hell,
 They ring their own bell,
 When they thus charge th' Orange Creation.
 But vipers of hell, &c.

Fair Virtue's our pride,
 Religi'n our guide,
 We rally round the constitution;
 And in the last gap,
 Our blood they shall lap,
 E'er we yield up th' Orange Creation.
 And in the last gap, &c.

See Murphy the priest,
 To's mill to bring grist,
 Pretends that by vile incantation,
 Our balls he can stop,
 As round him they hop;—
 We've no tricks in th' Orange Creation.
 Our balls he can stop, &c.

But broken the spell,
 Down poor Murphy fell,
 His imp had neglected his station;
 From's breast then we took,
 His magical cup,
 In it we drink th' Orange Creation.
 From's breast then we took, &c.

Let's fill to the top,
And drink ev'ry drop,
To William of high veneration;
And next to all those
Who rebels oppose,
Of such is the Orange Creation.

And next to all those, &c.

S O N G XXVIII

THE ORANGE GRAND MISTRESS.

TUNE—*The Dutcheffs.*

By the same.

LO! a meeting on high great Juno did call, [her:
And, enrag'd, thus address'd the Godeffes round
Why should those Orange-men, our sex one and all,
Shut out from their secrets, when Mary was founder?
Of the Orange free
A member was she,
As noble and great as this William they boast;
And of secrets of state
She was ne'er known to prate,—
Wer't not for this princess they'd ne'er rule the roast.
Minerva well pleas'd, advanc'd with a smile,
She thought a Grand Lodge would be most com-
modious;
But who would you make the Mistress of the Isle?
Why who should she be but the Consort of Clau-
At found of the name [diss?
They all sung her fame,
And Erin's grand Mistress she was then elected:
Let each Orange voice raise
To great Beresford's praise,
Grand Mistress of Orange thus wisely selected.

Said Juno to Pallas, then be the task thine,
 To beauteous Eliza a diploma to bring;
 And also deliver the word and the sign,
 Thro' the wide-vaulted Heaven her virtues we'll sing:
 And whilst thro' the sky
 We chorus on high,
 The great Orange Lodges where Ladies command;
 Thro' Hibernia the song
 Shall be all the day long, [land.
 The Grand Mistress of Orange, and pride o' their

S O N G XXIX

THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

By the same.

SONS of Hibernia, attend to my song,
 Of a tree call'd th' Orange its beauteous and strong;
 'Twas planted by William, immortal is he!
 May all Orange brothers live loyal and free.
 Derry down, down, traitors bow down,

Around this fair trunk we like ivy will cling,
 And fight for our honour, our country, and king;
 I' the shade of this Orange none e'er shall recline,
 Who with murd'rous Frenchmen have dar'd to combine.
 Derry down, down, Frenchmen, &c.

Hordes of barbarians, Lord NED in the van,
 This tree to destroy laid an infamous plan;
 Their schemes prov'd abortive, tho' written in
 blood, [Orange wood.
 Nor their pikes, nor their fives could pierce
 Derry down, down, rebels bow down,

While our brave Irish Tars protect us by sea,
From false perjur'd traitors this island we'll free;
Priest Dumphy's war-vestment they'll find of no use,
Wherever we meet them they're sure to get goose.

Derry down, down, priestcraft bow down.

Hundreds they've burn'd of each sex, young and old,
From Heaven the order---by priests they were told;
No longer we'll trust them, no more to betray,
But chase from our bosoms those vipers away.

Derry down, down, serpents bow down.

Rouse then, my brothers, and heed not their swearing
Absolv'd they have been for deeds past all bearing;
Mercy's misplac'd when to murderers granted,
For our lands and our lives those wretches long
pant'd.

Derry down, down, reptiles bow down.

Then charge high your glasses, and drink our Great
Cause,

Our blest Constitution, our King, and our Laws;
May all lurking traitors, wherever they be,
Make the *exit of Sheares*, and Erin be free.

Derry down, down, traitors bow down.

S O N G XXX.

THE ORANGE YEOMANRY.

Tune—Rule Britannia.

By the same.

WHEN rebels schemes we first did unfold,
Were to o'erwhelm this happy land;
'Twas then our yeomen, our yeomen great and bold,
Did nobly for their country stand.
Hail courageous, hail Orange yeomanry
Traitors ever spurn from thee.

The sov'reign mob by clergy was taught,
 To view this island as their own ;
 Where-with the endless, the endless blifs they fought,
 They'd greatly all their labours crown.

Hail, &c.

Those monsters tho' immerg'd in blood,
 Do now most humbly pardon sue ;
 Behold that monarch, that monarch mild and good,
 Mercy extending to the crew,

Hail, &c.

The pardon'd Doran, in murders rife,
 With taunts brave Fenton's heart doth tear ;
 "'Twas I who butcher'd, who butcher'd thy dear wife,
 " Thy house, thy all 'twas I did fire.

Hail, &c.

" Protected now, your laws I defy,
 " Behold my pardon I unfurl,
 " Tho' no less traitor,---for traitor still am I !
 " Defiance at you all I hurl."

Hail, &c.

Yet brothers now your toil's near an end,
 For in the hold their leaders groan ;
 And when to Bot'ny those murderers you send,
 We may enjoy blest peace at home.

Hail, &c.

Let absentees---the bane of this isle,
 Return unto their native soil,
 Virtue encourage---their tenantry will smile
 And sweet content will ease their toil.

Hail, &c.

LOYAL SONGS,

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THE GLORIOUS MEMORY.

Tune—Come let us dance and sing,

By the same.

COME let us all be gay,
Welcome in this happy day,
Strike up each Orange lay,
In merry chorus join;
We ne'er know,
Grief or woe,
Praise to him who made us so;
Our cause is good,
For it he stood,
And bravely fought at Boyne.

Come let us all be gay, &c.

We all should bless this morn,
William on this day was born,
Who cares for Papist scorn,---
No Orange-man I'll swear;
Guilt's their lot,
Let them plot,
But they'll shun our Orange shot;
From such fun,
The traitors run,
Like cowards in despair.

Come let us all be gay, &c.

Let us with hearts and hands,
Join in friendship's strictest bands,
Priests wield their magic wands,
In spite of Heaven's law;
Let them frown,
On each clown,
Who their murders dare disown;
Here at will,
Our glasses fill,
And toast our great Nassau.

Come let us all be gay, &c.

SONG XXXI.

ORANGE TRIUMPHANT, OR LORD NEDDY IN THE
SUDS.

Tune—Dunce I did but sham, in Midas.

By the fame,

COME Orange-men all,
Attend to my call,
While murderous deeds I relate;
All our concession,
Made no impression
Vile Papists seem led on by fate,
By fate, vile Papists seem led on by fate.

The nineteenth of May,
Lord Edward, they say,
Had finally settled his plan;
To poniard all those,
Who dare to oppose,
His Aid de Camp, bloody M^cCann,
M^cCann, &c.

His orders he gave,
A soul not to save,
And then the mail-coaches to burn;
That Harvey and Hay,
False Esmond and Fay,
Their dirks on their neighbours might turn,
Might turn, &c.

The signal thus giv'n,
Defend us, good Heav'n!
What murder and rapine ensu'd;
Sex, age, or condition,
Could meet no compassion,
Such vengeance those monsters pursu'd,
Pursu'd, &c.

The loyal and good,
To churches they crowd,
The spear-men their rites now begin;
Their favourite creed,
Of pike, burn and bleed,
Priestcraft declared was no sin,

No sin, &c.

Next seventy-five,
Were burned alive,
By those whom their bounty had fed;
Their pitiful cries,
Ascend to the skies,
Those vipers by clergy were led,

Were led, &c.

From the coach by th' hair,
Young Giffard they tear,
Because that he fought for his king!
Tho' headless they strike,
His blood then they lick,
As round him the war-whoop they ring,

They ring, &c.

Altho' at Kildare,
Four thousand did swear
Allegiance they'd bear to the crown;
Yet on the next day,
In battle array,
Those ruffians by Duff were cut down,

Cut down, &c.

But mark now the fun,
How thousands do run,
At sight of our brave Orange yeos;
Not Murphy or Hell,
Book, candle, or bell,
Could make them such striplings oppose,

Oppose, &c.

S O N G XXXII.

THE ORANGE LILLY.

By the same.

MY dear Orange Brothers, have you heard of the
news,

How the treacherous Frenchmen, our gulls to amuse,
The troops that last April they promis'd to send,
At length at Killala they've ventur'd to land.

Good Croppies but don't be too bold now,
Lest you should be all stow'd in the hold now,
Then to Bot'ny you'd trudge, I am told now,
And a sweet Orange Lilly for me.

But now that they are landed they find their mistake,
For in place of the croppies they meet the brave
Lake; [Blue

He soon will convince them that our Orange and
Can ne'er be subdued by their plundering crew.

Good Croppies then don't, &c.

That false traitor Emmet---more ungrateful than hell,
With M'Nevin and Arthur, tho' fast in their cell;
What they formerly swore they have dar'd to deny
And the Secret Committee have charg'd with a lie!

Good Croppies then don't, &c.

But as by this falsehood it is clear they intend,
To induce our poor peasants the French to befriend;
We shall soon, I hope, see them high dangling in
air, [spare.

'Twould be murd'ring the loyal such miscreants to
Good Croppies then don't, &c.

On the trees at the camp *Crop Lawless* intended
To hang up all those who their country defended;

As the scene is revers'd, a good joke it will be,
In the place of dear Camden to put up those three.
Good Croppies then don't, &c.

Judgment being entered on that *bloody Bond*,
Execution should follow---the people contend;
Why stay it (say they) when engagements they've
broken?

The Direct'ry deny ev'ry word they had spoken.
Good Croppies then don't, &c.

Then gird on your sabres, my brave Orangemen all,
For the Croppies are down and the Frenchmen shall
fall;

Let each Lodge sally forth from one to nine hun-
Those freebooters e'er long with the dead shall be
number'd.

Good Croppies then don't, &c.

S O N G XXXIII.

THE GENIUS OF ORANGE.

Tune---Lillibullero.

By the same.

THE Genius of Orange long smould'ring lay
'Mongst honest fellows, on banks of the Bann;
Who early foresaw, that nought they could say,
Would alter the base republican plan;

While Papist slaves,

By Priests and knaves,

Were taught 'twas a crime to let heretics live;

When murder and slaughter

Were preach'd from the altar,

'Twas time for the Delzos * defence to contrive,

* A nickname given by Rebels to Orangemen.

Each neighbour consult'd his Protestant friend,
 How best to oppose this priest-ridden crew;
 On their own plan, 'twas agreed in the end,
 That Union alone, the bus'ness would do.

Union, Union,

Happy Union,

Your King, and your Country from traitors defend,
 Let no perjur'd savage,

Our dear country ravage,

Tho' th' *Irish Direct'ry* should give the command.

The shade of great Nassau pleas'd with their zeal,

Inspir'd John Claudius, the plan to support;

Straight to the Loyalists he doth appeal,

Who to his standard in legions resort;

Legions, legions,

Orange legions,

Attend the glad summons by day or by night;

The black capes and croppies,

And all such false rappies,

At the sight of the Orange run off in affright.

Protestants all, view Equality's group,

Who were to give laws to this happy land;

Horish the sweep, with Lord Edward the dupe,

Arthur NO honour and the news-bawker Bland;

Shall we, shall we,

E'er live to see

Such wretches as these who each other deceive,

Succeed in their scheming,

Of which they were dreaming?

No! no! my dear brothers, our country we'll save.

Let's now, my brave boys, the jolly cup fill,

To that protector of the Orange Cause,

John Claudius Beresford—fill as you will;
 He ever defend'd your Protestant laws :
 Traitor for pay,
 No man can say,
 Was ever attach'd to the Beresford name :
 From field, or the senate,
 He ne'er hid a minute,
 Would to *false patriots* we could say the same.

S O N G XXXIV.

TUNE—Roast Beef of Old England.

LONG time of the seas had Old England been queen,
 Till republican France thought to alter the scene,
 So they work'd day and night to make up a marine,
 To fight with the tars of Old England,
 To fight with the bold British tars.

The day they met Howe on the seas they may rue,
 For to shew them the diff'rence he very well knew,
 'Twixt their colour'd cockades, and the British true
 blue;

Huzza! for the tars of Old England!
 Huzza! for the bold British tars!

They were drove from the seas on the land high and
 dry,

Till they ventur'd their luck in a fog once to try,
 But a storm drove them back, pleas'd in harbour to lie,
 Secure from the tars of Old England,
 Secure from the bold British tars.

Yet unwilling with Britain's domain to agree,
 They made up some rods of a liberty tree,
 And with them they lash'd other folks out of the sea,
 To meet the brave tars of Old England,
 To fight with the bold British tars,

Spanish Dons in big ships of great force then were
seen,

But Jervis and Nelson to fight them were seen;
Lo! they fought, and they beat twenty seven with
fifteen,

Mann'd with the tars of Old England,
Mann'd with the bold British tars.

Then the French cram'd their principles down the
Dutch throats,

And Mynheers were compell'd for to alter their notes,
To off with their breeches, and turn Sans Culottes,
To fight the brave tars of Old England,
To fight with the brave British tars.

To recover the Cape, soon a squadron was found,
So they slip'd us, and there they got safely and sound,
But Elphinstone shew'd they were got into Lob's-
pound,

For they were lob'd by the tars of Old England,
They were lob'd by the bold British tars.

Then says Monsieur, "Mynheer, as your trade is lost,
"Rig a fleet to join ours to invade Britain's coast;"
But this reckoning they made without minding their
host,

Forgetting the tars of Old England,
Forgetting the bold British tars.

To block up Brest harbour lord Bridport set sail,
And the mouth of the Texel our fleet did not fail
To shut up, and keep the Dutch rogues in their jail,
Hemm'd in by the tars of Old England,
Hemm'd in by the bold British tars.

Our fleet to refit, it had just sail'd away,
When the cat being gone, the mice came out to play,
But that play became direfully earnest that day,
Laid on by the tars of Old England,
Laid on by the bold British tars.

For the news of their sailing had scarce reach'd our
ears,

When our anchors fled up to the tune of three cheers,
And away for the Texel to fight the Mynheers,
Away went the tars of Old England,
Away went the bold British tars.

With their lubberly hulks to sheer off was in vain,
Nor (as we got between) their ports could they gain,
So they made their resolve a hard fight to maintain
Against the brave tars of Old England,
Against the brave British tars.

It was twelve when the signal for action was given,
Then our guns opened their throats like the thunder
from Heaven,
And by three the Dutch fleet off the water was driven,
Shatter'd by the tars of Old England,
Shatter'd by the bold British tars.

Their hulks were a riddle, their canvas a rag,
Ten struck with their vice and their admiral's flag,
So on it they stor'd up no great matters for to brag,
Of success against tars of Old England,
Of success against bold British tars.

Each landsman may now rest secure in his bed,
For invasion's no longer hanging over his head,
Who the French fleet, the Spanish, or Dutch now
would dread,
When protected by the tars of Old England,
When protected by the bold British tars.

But by night or by fog should they give us the slip,
You are loyal stout soldiers, their wings who can clip,
Let them fight but on shore as we fight abroad ship,
And copy the tars of Old England,
And copy the bold British tars.

Duncan's health, boys, fill up, may he fresh glory
bring;
Fill the glass to Old England, a health to the king,
And may democrat, Frenchman, and Dutchman all
sing,
Huzza! for the tars of Old England,
Huzza! for the bold British tars!

S O N G, XXXV.

Tune—Rule Britannia.

WHEN William, fir'd in glory's Cause,
To aid and save our Nation came,
Love for our freedom and our laws,
Inspir'd and crown'd his God-like fame.
Come, let William, let William's praise be sung,
From whom the Blue and Orange sprung!

His banners then in triumph spread,
With emblems of our order shone;
From which a tyrant bigot fled,
And left our patron Britain's throne.
Come, let William, &c.

Another William's deeds we sing,
Who fought and won Culloden-plain;
From whose immortal laurels spring,
The blessings of a George's reign.
Come, let William, &c.

What worthies! and their sons renown'd,
Have come our social rites to grace;
And still amongst us may be found,
Now Rutland * sits in Granby's place.
Come, let William, &c.

* Then present, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Then charge the festive goblet high,
And toast our loyal friendly band;
May they like William never die,
But live the guardians of the land.

Come, let William, &c.

S O N G XXXVI.

TUNE—*God save the King.*

WE are brave Orangemen,
Who make crops now and then
Our cause to dread;
For 'tis to make them fear,
That they durst not appear,
But run away here and there,
And hide their head.

They think that they'll prevail,
But in that they will fail,
Their cause is bad;
We'll prove their overthrow,
That they will surely know,
They are our bitter foe,
We'll make them sad.

With spleen they almost burst,
Their cause is sure accurst,
For it is blood;
Our blood they surely seek,
Also our king so meek,
His life they'd gladly take,
'Cause he is good.

The French they'd make us slaves,
But the sea'll prove their graves,
E'er they come;

Our fleets will them fight,
And assert Britain's right,
Sink them in endless night,
Or them overcome.

Let us join heart and hand,
Against rebels make a stand,
And put them down;
In numbers more abound,
In hearts and mind quite sound,
We still are to be found,
To guard the crown.

God save great George our king,
Long may we live to sing,
Croppies lie down;
We dare them us to fight,
Let them therefore unite,
We'll soon put them to flight,
And raise our renown.

S O N G XXXVII.

TUNE—Rule Britannia.

AGAIN to seek our emerald isle,
The frantic Gaul directs his way;
Even now his feet the land defile,
Even now I hear sad Erin say,
“ Once more arise ye patriot band,
“ Avengers of your native land.
“ By all the fields your fathers won,
“ By all the blood yourselves have shed,
“ Let every fire exhort his son
“ To emulate the mighty dead :
“ Then shall arise the patriot band,
“ Avengers of their native land.

- " By Wexford's bridge, begrim'd with blood,
" The scene of many a murderous day,
" While silver Slaney's trembling flood
" Ran blushing crimson to the sea!
" To vengeance rise, ye patriot band,
" To vengeance on your native land.

- " By Enniscorthy's blood stain'd hill,
" Where many a loyal hero lies,
" By Ross's streets, and Fowkes's mill,
" Once more, my sons, to glory rise;
" 'Tis Erin calls her patriot band,
" Avengers of their native land.

- " By the sad matron's piercing screams,
" That mingle with her childrens' cries;
" From Scullabogue's detested flames,
" And claim their vengeance from the skies.
" 'Tis Erin calls her patriot band,
" Avengers of their native land.

- " By glorious Ryan's honour'd shade,
" (The victim of a murderer's knife!)
" That spirit by no fear dismay'd,
" Which for his country gave his life.
" 'Tis Erin calls her patriot band,
" Avengers of their native land.

- " By faintest Giffard's early urn,
" A martyr in the dawn of youth,
" Whose glowing soul no force could turn
" From honour, loyalty and truth.
" 'Tis Erin calls her patriot band,
" Avengers of their native land.

- " By brave Mountjoy, and proud O'Neil,
" By gallant Sandys, in glory slain,

" Where many a traitor taints the gale,
 " Unbury'd on the goary plain.
 " 'Tis Erin calls her patriot band,
 " Avengers of their native land."

Yes, by those goary fields we swear,
 By every immolated friend,
 The loyal banner still to rear,
 Our King and country to defend;
 Since Erin calls her patriot band,
 Avengers of their native land.

S O N G XXXVIII.

BEHOLD, my brothers, fate's decree,
 The Orange shall triumphant be;
 Kind Providence doth interpose,
 And aids to crush our rebel foes.
 Then let each loyal heart unite,
 And every worthy soul invite;
 While Beresford shall be our theme,
 Who keeps alive the glorious flame.

For no deception here you see,
 Faithful and true we'll ever be;
 Dire massacre is not our care,
 The dastard foe we often spare.

Then let each, &c.

Let it be told our baneful foes,
 The Orange only mercy knows;
 Dark vile assassins stab by night,
 When rous'd in open day we fight.

Then let each, &c.

We murder not the cherub child,
 Nor yet the gentle female mind;

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For we are men, and so shall know,
The traitor and the rebel foe.
Then let each loyal heart unite,
And every worthy soul invite;
While Beresford shall be our theme,
Who glories in the loyal flame.

S O N G XXXIX.

TUNE—*Croppies lie down.*

ARRAH say, my dear honies, who caus'd you to
fight
Against my dear Erin, my joy and delight?
By my shoul, my dear jewels, you'll tire of the fun,
For before Blue and Orange poor croppies shall run.
Run, run, poor croppies shall run.

Augh, and sure you have heard of the true Orange
Boys,
To whom thousands of croppies appear but as toys;
For with your long pikes we shall cause you to run,
The boys of the Orange can handle a gun.
And its run, run, &c.

Tho' nimbly you skip on your own mountain's top,
As nimbly agra after you we shall hop;
Should you take off your brogues for to lighten your
load,
You shall get a salute from our boys on the road.
And its run, &c.

So take my advice, my dear honies, and cease,
For faith we are ready for war as for peace;
You may believe it or not—we are loyal and true,
If you love a whole skin, avoid Orange and Blue.
And its run, &c.

Like you we adore our dear Emerald Isle,
 But with you on misfortune we never shall smile;
 In faith, my dear Paddies, we have a queer way,
 For the rebels alone shall get Terlehoge's pay.
 And its run, &c.

Come, boys, fill a bumper, and let it go round,
 Let the roof with the praises of William resound;
 Oh! may his blest shade on his sons never frown,
 As he sees our exertions to lay Croppies down.
 And its down, &c.

S O N G XL.

THE WILLIAMITES GLORY.

By Mr. James M'Kenne.

TUNE—*Boyne Water.*

YE Orange hearts I pray draw near,
 Whose free from all idolatry,
 With patience unto me give ear,
 Whilst I relate my story;
 Always bear it in your mind,
 When you receive the word and sign,
 It was instituted by divine,
 To free us all from slavery.

For four hundred years and more,
 By idolatry we were oppress'd fore,
 Unto kind heaven we did implore
 To remove our situation;
 Our sighs and prayers to Horeb came,
 When the great Jehovah heard the same,
 Who called Moses thence by name,
 For to go back to Egypt.

When Moses unto Goshen came,
He met his brethren on the plain,
Who ask'd of him from whence he came?
He answer'd them in Hebrew;
It was from Horeb that I came,
Thy brother Moses is my name,
And I am sent for to redeem,
And free you all from slavery!

When his brethren heard him say so,
Their hearts with joy did overflow,
To hear to the Promis'd Land they'd go,
And leave the house of bondage,
Then we all with one combine,
March'd on by a heavenly sign,
Leaving our enemies behind,
In sorrowful lamentation.

We had neither rule nor square by our side,
But the great Jehovah was our guide,
But when we came to the ocean side,
We wanted a pass-word to get over;
The Scriptures they do plainly shew,
God caus'd an easterly wind to blow,
Proud Pharaoh's host to overthrow,
And gave us a passage over.

But when our pass-word we receiv'd,
Which freed us from a wat'ry grave,
Proud Pharaoh's host did ride the wave,
To Israel's great consternation:
Now since we're all from danger freed,
Let us all kneel down and pray,
Returning thanks to heaven's King,
For our great deliverance.

THE GLORIOUS REVOLUTION.

TUNE—*Vicar of Bray.*

WHEN James, assuming right from God,
 Enslav'd this free-born nation,
 His sceptre was an iron rod,
 His reign a visitation;
 High churchmen cry'd, "Obey, obey,
 " Let none resist a crown'd head,
 " He who gainsays what tyrants say,
 " Is a rebellious round-head."
 Then let us sing, while echos ring,
 The glorious revolution;
 Your voices raise to William's praise,
 Who sav'd the constitution.

The bible was no longer read,
 But tales of sinners fainted;
 The gods ador'd were gods of bread,
 And sign-posts carv'd and painted;
 Their priests and monks with cawls and ropes,
 Arriv'd here without number;
 With racks and daggers bless'd by popes,
 And loads of holy lumber.

Then let us sing, &c.

Our trade abroad, our wealth at home,
 And all things worth desiring,
 Were sacrific'd to France and Rome,
 While Britons lay expiring;
 The monarch, a church-ridden ass,
 Did whatever priests suggested,
 And trotted on by day to mass,
 The slave of slaves detested.

Then let us sing, &c.

LOYAL SONGS.

By cruel Popish politics
 Were Protestants affrighted,
 When to convert poor heretics,
 New Smithfield fires were lighted;
 But hope soon sprung out of despair,
 So Providence commanded,
 Our fears were all dispers'd in air,
 When God-like William landed.

Then let us sing, &c.

Our church and state shook off the yoke,
 And lawless pow'r was banish'd;
 The snares of priest-craft too were broke,
 And superstition vanish'd:
 The tyrant with his blackguards fled,
 By flight their guilt confessing;
 To beg of France their daily bread,
 Of Rome a worthless blessing.

Then let us sing, &c.

From all who dare to tyrannize
 May Heaven still defend us;
 And should another James arise,
 Another William send us:
 May kings like George for ever reign,
 With highest worth distinguish'd;
 But those who would our annals stain,
 May they be quite extinguish'd.

Then let us sing, &c.

S O N G XLII.

HUMBERT'S MISTAKE.

TUNE—Moggy Lawder.

By J. B. Esq. of Lodge 471.

FROM Castlebar, the French declare,
 It is their sole intention,

On Connaught forthwith to confer
 Freedom of their invention ;
 What freedom this,
 You soon may guess,
 By Humbert's proclamation ;
 " You dogs (said he)
 " You shall with me
 " Go plunder your own nation !"

As Cooke, when on a savage shore,
 He friends would make of loobies ;
 So beads and trinkets they brought o'er,
 As presents for cropt boobies :
 Of green furtouts,
 Three thousand fults,
 They gave the rabble round them ;
 Who on that night
 Play'd least in fight,
 Nor have the Gauls since found them.

This novel freedom next *commands*
 " That all men under forty.
 " Shall in a mass, with pikes in hands,
 " Go fight the Orange party :"
 But when they hear
 Cornwallis' near,
 Those mighty boasters scamper ;
 And as they run
 From town to town,
 Their front and rear we hamper.

Behold at length, near Mohill's plain,
 We to an action brought them ;
 Their barefoot allies they complain,
 Are more savage than they thought 'em :
 French vipers fought,
 'Till they were taught
 An Orange file was stronger

Than any yet
They ever met;
So they would bite no longer.

And when the French a parley beat,
Our cannons cease to thunder;
The Connaught spalpeens now retreat,
'Twas useless to knock under;
For well they knew
The perjurer's crew
No claim they had to favours;
With fright half dead,
Each savage fled,
His brogues his only saviours.

When th' open foe were pris'ners made,
'Twas then began the slaughter;
Brave Roden's horse about them laid,
'Mongst rebels from the alter:
Now croppies speak,
What think you o' Lake,
An't he a horrid *Delzo*?
Of earth the scum,
Before him run,
They can't digest his pills O!

Our Armagh brothers did sustain
An action hot and bloody;
Their bayonets broke, they still maintain
The fight with fists most ready:
The traitor Blake
Submits to Lake,
With ninety-three poor peasants;
Teeling and Roach,
(Our Isle's reproach,)
Are now convicted felons.

You wealthy Crops a warning take
 From Humbert's *Gallic freedom*;
 Did he succeed, alike he'd speak
 To you and *Thomas Needham*;
 "How can I know
 "A friend from foe?"
 Would be the Frenchman's answer;
 The pipes you'd pay,
 As sure as day,
 Let who would be the dancer.

S O N G XLIII.

THE REBEL'S SONG.

By A. D.

TUNE—*Grishin and Medder*.

TO you that are friends of this brave Irish nation,
 And from ministers ne'er would accept a station;
 My story I'll tell—if you have no objection,
 I'm a friend to the *cause*—for see here's my *protection*.
 Fal lal, &c.

A year past, each day I was twelve hours at labour,
 I work'd hard, and liv'd well, but ne'er injur'd my
 neighbour;

A rebel I'm now free from slavish subjection,
 But they can't take me up—for I've got my *protection*.
 Fal lal, &c.

Our bus'ness at first it went on fair and easy,
 For Camden we *thought* was both stupid and lazy;
 Bond's meeting he took up, that caus'd our dejections,
 For if they escap'd they could now get *protections*.
 Fal lal, &c.

But Harvey and Grogan our losses soon made up,
 Until my poor fellows themselves were both laid up;
 Priest Murphy who bore us such mighty affection,
 A heretic shot—when without a *protection*.
 Fal lal, &c.

But they were all fools—now we that are wiser,
Take especial good care not so rashly to die, Sir;
An oath or a pike is now at our election,
So we chuse the oath—just to get the *protection*.

Fal lal, &c.

But the oath we don't mind—for from all its pollution
We are sure to be freed by the priest's absolution;
And of ready made pikes we have such a collection,
That a new one we buy, once we've got the *protection*.

Fal lal, &c.

So now we are patiently waiting in clover,
And snugly we lie—till the French can get over;
Now we plunder and rob, without fear of detection,
For we get for a shilling both pike and *protection*.

Fal lal, &c.

Having inserted the Song of the Battle of the Boyne in our first number, we think we cannot oblige our readers more highly, than by giving them an historical account of that memorable day.

SEVERAL new regiments, English, Dutch, and Brandenburgers, having arrived in the northern province of Ireland, the whole army impatiently expected the arrival of the king, who, on the fourteenth day of June, 1690, landed at Carrickfergus, and was received by the soldiers and inhabitants, in a transport of joy. He came attended by Prince George of Denmark, the young Duke of Ormond, the Earls of Oxford, Scarborough, and Manchester, and other persons of distinction; was met by Duke Schomberg, the prince of Wirtemberg, Kirk, and other officers; received an address from the northern clergy, presented by Walker, and published his proclamation for the suppression of rapine, violence, and injustice. His military genius prompted him, and the present distracted state of England, together with the formidable preparations of France, obliged him to a vigorous prosecution of the war.

From Belfast he advanced to Lisburn and Hillsborough. His forces were ordered to take the field; and when some cautious counsels were suggested by his officers, he rejected them with indignation. "I came not to Ireland (said he) to let grass grow under my feet. At Loughbrickland, his whole army assembled from their different quarters, and were joined by the king and his train. William ordered them to change their encampment, that he might review the regiments on their march to the new ground. The officers imagined, that on a tempestuous and dully day, he would content himself with a general view from some convenient station; but they saw him dart quickly into the throng, riding eagerly from place to place, examining every regiment, and every troop distinctly and critically. His soldiers were thus pleased and animated, every man considering himself as under the immediate inspection of his royal leader, who took his quarters in the camp, was the whole day on horseback, at the head of an advanced party, viewing the adjacent country, reconnoitering, or directing the accommodations necessary for his soldiers. When an order was presented to him, to be signed for wine, for his own table, he passionately exclaimed, that his men should be first provided; "let them not want," said he, "I shall drink water." An army of thirty-six thousand men, thus animated and excellently appointed, advanced southward to decide the fate of Ireland, while the fleet coasted slowly in view, to supply them with every necessary, and thus to increase their confidence.

Six days had elapsed from the time of William's landing, when James received the first intelligence that a prince, who, he confidently believed, must be detained in England by faction and discontent, was already on his march to meet him. He com-

mitted the guard of Dublin to a militia, under the command of Lutterel, the governor, and marched with six thousand French infantry, to join the main body of his army, which at the approach of the enemy, had retired from Dundalk and Ardee, and now lay near Drogheda, on the banks of the river Boyne. His numbers were about thirty-three thousand. His council of officers reminded him, that the naval armament of France was completed, and the fleet perhaps already on the English coast; that Louis had promised, as soon as the squadron attending on William should return, he would send a fleet of frigates into the Irish seas, to destroy his transports; that he would be thus fatally detained in Ireland, while Britain was threatened by foreign invasion, and the domestic enemies of the reigning prince concerting an insurrection.

In such circumstances they advised him to wait the event of those designs formed in his favour, not to hazard an engagement against superior numbers, to strengthen his garrisons, to march to the Shannon with his cavalry, and a small body of foot, and thus to maintain a defensive war against an enemy, which, in a strange and unfriendly climate, without provisions or succours, must gradually perish by disease and famine. James, on the contrary contended, that to abandon the capital, were to confess himself subdued; that his reputation must be irreparably ruined; that the Irish, who judged by appearances, would desert: and what was still of more moment, his friends in England and Scotland must be dispirited, and deterred from their attempts to restore him. He expressed satisfaction, that he had at last the opportunity of one fair battle for the crown. He insisted on maintaining his present post; and, from such animated language, his officers concluded that he meant to take a desperate part

in the engagement; yet, with an ominous precaution, he dispatched Sir Patrick Traht, one of his commissioners of revenue, to Waterford, to prepare a ship for conveying him to France, in case of any misfortune.

William was no stranger to the motions of the French, and the machinations of his enemies. Whatever was the proper conduct for James, it was evidently his interest to bring their contest to an immediate decision. On the last day of June, at the first dawn of morning, his army moved towards the river in three columns. He marched at the head of his advanced guard, which by nine o'clock appeared within two miles of Drogheda. William observing a hill, west of the town, rode to the summit with his principal officers to take a view of the enemy. On their right was Drogheda, filled with Irish soldiers. Eastward of the town, on the farther banks of the river, their camp extended in two lines, with a morass on the left, difficult to be passed. In their front were the fords of the Boyne, deep and dangerous, with rugged banks, defended by some breast-works, with huts and hedges, convenient to be lined with infantry. On their rear, at some distance, lay the church and village of Donore; three miles farther was the pass of Duleek, on which they depended for a retreat. The view of their encampment was intercepted by some hills to the south west; so that Sgravenmore, one of William's generals, who counted but forty-six regiments, spoke with contempt of the enemy's numbers. The king observed, that more might lye concealed behind these hills, and many be stationed in the town; "But it is my purpose," said he, "to be speedily acquainted with their whole strength."

His army was now marching into camp; when William, anxious to gain a nearer and more distinct

view of the enemy, advanced with some officers within musket shot of a ford, opposite to a village, called Old Bridge; here he conferred for some time on the methods of passing, and planting his batteries; when riding on still westward, he alighted, and sat down to refresh himself on a rising ground. Neither the motions of William, nor of his army, were unnoticed. Berwick, Tyrconnel, Sarsfield, and some other generals, rode slowly on the opposite banks, viewing the army in their march, and soon discovered the present situation of the king. A party of about forty horse, immediately appeared in a plowed field, opposite to the place on which he sat. In their centre, they carefully concealed two field pieces, which they planted unnoticed under cover of a hedge, and retired. William mounted his horse; at that moment the first discharge killed a man and two horses on a line (at some distance) with the king: another ball instantly succeeded, grazed on the banks of the river, rose and slanted on his right shoulder, tearing his coat and flesh. His attendants crowded round him, and appeared in confusion. An universal shout of joy rung through the Irish camp, at the news that Orange was no more.

It was conveyed rapidly to Dublin; it was wafted to Paris; Louis received it with extacy; and the guns of the Bastile proclaimed the meanness of his triumph.

While some squadrons of the enemy's horse drew down to the river, as if to pursue a flying enemy. William rode through his camp, to prevent all alarms, or false reports of his danger. On the arrival of his artillery, the batteries were mounted, and the cannonading continued on each side, not without some execution, till the close of the even-

ing. Some deserters were received, and gave various accounts of the strength and disposition of the enemy. One, who appeared of some note, spoke so plausibly, and at the same time, so magnificently of their numbers, that William seemed disconcerted. To Sir Robert Southwell, his secretary of state, who had given him different intelligence, he expressed his suspicion, that the enemy was really stronger than he imagined. Southwell communicated the king's doubts to Cox, his under secretary, through whose channel the intelligence had been conveyed. Cox, with an acuteness which seems to have laid the foundation of his future fortune, led the deserter through the English camp; and when he had surveyed it, asked to what he computed the amount of William's forces; the man confidently rated them at more than double their number. The king was thus satisfied, that his reports arose from ignorance and presumption. Other deserters made reports more unfavourable to the enemy; and the king was assured, that James, in expectation of defeat, had already conveyed part of his baggage and artillery to Dublin.

About nine at night, William called a council of war, not to deliberate, but to receive his orders; and here he declared his resolution of passing the river in front of the enemy. Duke Schomberg, with the caution natural to his years, endeavoured to dissuade him from this hazardous enterprize; and when he could not prevail, insisted, that part of the army should be immediately detached to secure the bridge of Slane, about three miles westward of their camp, so as to flank the enemy, and to cut them off from Duleek, the pass through which they might retreat. It is generally imputed to the indifference with which his council was received, that this general retired in disgust, and received the order of

battle in his tent, declaring that "it was the first
"ever sent to him." Nor did James discover more
attention to this important pass of Slane. In his coun-
cil of war, Hamilton recommended that eight re-
giments might be sent immediately to secure the
bridge. James proposed to employ fifty dragoons
in this service; the general, in astonishment, bowed
and was silent.

William directed that the river should be passed
in three different places; by his right wing com-
manded by Count Schomberg, son of the Duke, and
General Douglas on the west, at some fords disco-
vered near the bridge of Slane; by the centre com-
manded by Duke Schomberg, in front of the Irish
camp; and by the left wing, led by the king him-
self, at a ford between the army, and the town of
Drogheda. At midnight, William once more rode
through his camp with torches, inspected every
post, and issued his final orders.

Early on the succeeding morning, Count Schom-
berg, with the cavalry, and Douglas with the in-
fantry, which composed the right wing, marched
towards Slane, with greater alacrity, than the troops
sent from the other side to oppose them. They
crossed the river without any opposition, except
from a regiment of dragoons, stationed over night,
at the ford, of which they killed seventy, before
their retreat could be secured. They advanced, and
found their antagonists drawn up in two lines. They
formed, mixing their horse and foot, squadron with
battalion, till on the arrival of more infantry, they
changed their position, drawing the horse to the
right, by which they considerably out-flanked the
enemy. But they were to force their way through
fields, enclosed by deep ditches, difficult to be sur-
mounted, especially by the horse; who, in the face
of an enemy, were obliged to advance in order

beyond these, lay the morass, still more embarrassing. The infantry were ordered to plunge in, and, while the horse found a firm passage to the right, forced their way with fatigue and difficulty. The enemy, astonished at their intrepidity, fled instantly towards Duleek, and were pursued with slaughter.

By the time when it was supposed that the right wing had made good their passage, the infantry in the centre was set in motion. The Dutch guards first entered the river, on the right, opposite to Old-bridge. The French Protestants and Eniskilleners, Brandenburgers and English, at their several passes to the left, plunged in with alacrity, checking the current, and swelling the water, so that it rose in some places to their middle, in others to their breasts, and obliged the infantry to support their arms above their heads. The Dutch had marched unmolested, to the middle of the river; when a violent discharge was made from the houses, breast-works, and hedges, but without execution; they moved on, gained the opposite banks, formed gradually, and drove the Irish from their posts. As they still advanced, the squadrons and battalions of the enemy suddenly appeared in view, behind the eminences which had concealed them. Five of these battalions bore down upon those Dutch, who had already passed, but were received firmly, and repulsed. The efforts of the Irish horse were equally unsuccessful. Two attacks were bravely repelled, when the French and Eniskilleners arrived to the support of the Dutch, and drove back a third body of horse, with considerable execution.

In the mean time, General Hamilton led the Irish infantry to the very margin of the river, to oppose the passage of the French and English. But his men, although stationed in the post of honour,

at the requisition of their officers, shrunk from the danger. Their cavalry proved more spirited. A squadron of Danes was attacked with such fury and success, that they fled back, through the river. The Irish horse pursued, and, on their return, fell furiously on the French Huguenots, who had no pikes, to sustain the shock, and were instantly broken. Caillemote, their brave commander, received his mortal wound, and when borne to the English camp, with his last breath animated his countrymen, who were passing the river. As he lay bleeding in the arms of our soldiers, he collected strength to exclaim repeatedly in his own language, "A la gloire, mes enfans! a la gloire!" "To glory, my boys! To glory!" The rapidity of the Irish horse, the flight of the Danes, and the disorder of the French, spread a general alarm, and the want of cavalry, struck the minds even of the peasants, who were but spectators of the battle, so forcibly, that a general cry of "horse! horse!" was suddenly raised, was mistaken for an order to "halt," surprised and confounded the centre, was conveyed to the right wing, and for a while retarded their pursuit. In this moment of disorder, Duke Schomberg, who had waited to support his friends on any dangerous emergency, rushed through the river, and placing himself at the head of the Huguenot forces, who were now deprived of their leader, pointed to some French regiments in their front, and cried, "Allons, messieurs; voila vos persecuteurs." "Come on, gentlemen, there are your persecutors." These were his last words. The Irish horse, who had broken the French protestants, wheeled through Old-bridge, in order to join their main body; but were cut down by the Dutch and Eniskilleners. About sixteen of their squadron escaped, and returning furiously from the slaughter of their com-

panions, were mistaken by the Huguenots for some of their own friends, and suffered to pass. They wounded Schomberg in the head, and were hurrying him forward, when his own men fired, and slew him. About the same time, Walker, of London-Derry, whose passion for military glory, had hurried him unnecessarily into this engagement, received a wound in his belly, and instantly expired.

After an uninterrupted firing of an hour, the disorder on both sides occasioned some respite. The centre of the English army began to recover from their confusion. The Irish retreated towards Donore, where James stood during the engagement, surrounded by his guards; and here, drawing up in good order, once more advanced. William had now crossed the river, at the head of Dutch, Danish, and English cavalry, through a dangerous and difficult pass, where his horse floundering in the mud, obliged him to dismount, and accept the assistance of his attendants. And when the enemy had advanced, almost within musket shot of his infantry, he was seen with his sword drawn, animating his squadrons, and preparing to fall on their flank. They halted, and again retreated to Donore. But here, facing about vigorously, they charged with such success, that the English cavalry, though led on by their king, was forced from their ground. William, with a collection of thought, which accompanies true courage, rode up to the Eniskilleners, and asked, "What they would do for him?" Their officer informed them who he was; they advanced with him, and received the enemy's fire. But, as he wheeled to the left, they followed by mistake; yet, while William led up some Dutch troops, they perceived their error, and returned bravely to the charge. The battle was now maintained on each side, with equal ardour, and with

variety of fortune. The king, who mingled in the hottest part of the engagement, was constantly exposed to danger. One of his own troopers, mistaking him for an enemy, presented a pistol to his head: William calmly put it by. "What," said he, "do not you know your friends?" The presence of such a Prince, gave double vigour to his soldiers. The Irish infantry were finally repulsed. Hamilton made one desperate effort to turn the fortune of the day, at the head of his horse. Their shock was furious, but neither orderly nor steady. They were routed, and their general conveyed a prisoner to William. The king asked him, whether the Irish would fight more. "Upon my honour," said Hamilton, "I believe they will; for they have yet a good body of horse." William surveyed the man who had betrayed him in his transactions with Tyrconnel, and in a fullen and contemptuous tone, exclaimed, "Honour! your honour!"

Nor was this asseveration of Hamilton, well grounded. The right wing of William's army, had by this time, forced their way through difficult grounds, and pursued the enemy close to Duleek. Lauzun rode up to James, who still continued at Donore, advising him to retreat immediately, as he was in danger of being surrounded. He marched to Duleek, at the head of Sarsfield's regiment; his army followed, and poured through the pass, not without some annoyance from a party of English dragoons, which they might easily have cut to pieces, had they not been solely intent on flying. When they reached the open ground, they drew up, and cannonaded their pursuers. Their officers ordered all things for a retreat, which they made in such order, as was commended by their enemies. Their loss in this engagement was computed at fifteen hundred: that of William's army, scarcely amounted to one-third of this number.

Here was a final period of James's Irish royalty. He arrivd at Dublin, in great disorder, and damped the joy of his friends, who at the intelligence of William's death, every moment expected to receive him in triumph. He assembled the popish magistrates and council of the city: he told them that in England, his army had deserted him; in Ireland, they had fled in the hour of danger. nor could be persuaded to rally, though their loss was considerable; both he and they must therefore shift for themselves. It had been deliberated, whether in case of such a misfortune, Dublin should not be set on fire; but on their allegiance, he charged them to commit no such barbarous outrage, which must reflect dishonour on him, and irritate the conqueror. He was obliged, he said, to yield to force, but would never cease to labour for their deliverance; too much blood had been already shed, and Providence seemed to declare against him; he, therefore, advised them to set their prisoners at liberty, and submit to the Prince of Orange, who was merciful.

The reflection on the courage of his Irish troops, was ungracious, and provoked their officers to retort it on the king. They contended, that in the whole of the engagement their men, though not animated by a princely leader, had taken no inglorious part. They observed, that while William shared the danger of his army, encouraging them by his presence, by his voice, by his example, James stood, at secure distance, a quiet spectator of the contest for his crown and dignity, "Exchange kings," said they, "and we will once more fight the battle." Their indignation was encreased, when they saw the Prince who inveighed against Irish cowardice, fly precipitately to Waterford, breaking down the bridges to prevent a pursuit, and instantly embark for France.

END OF THE SECOND NUMBER.